



Mrs. Tom P. Walker  
Coquitlam,  
B.C.  
Canada

W. S. Pyle

mother knows you understand why she doesn't write, and this is really from her too.

Perfect day -  
Pei's "aw bettah now!" The most important thing about this letter is the enclosure of your eldest daughter. It was written very laboriously and in dead earnest. Right in the midst of it she was the biggest big girl I've ever seen! I know that detail pleases you and makes the letter all the sweeter. I wish I could say all I want to about them, but I mustn't - except this, - yesterday while we were out walking (mother seems to be an old hand at hiring and firing a crop of servants! She dispensed with Guadine as soon as I arrived and secretly I'm very glad of it. I wouldn't miss the chance of taking the lumps out for anything!) well, there was a long silence, and then "where my maamma gone?" I appeared as best I could, and then another long silence. Then, "where my maamma gone?" again. Then after explaining again, she said, "Pitty soon, maamma come back, bring Santing claws, and go-by-by with Betty!" The first time I put on the little crocheted hat of mine she looked at it and said, "naamy make you' hat." (and it's been months since she'd seen it!) and when she saw my bridesmaid's dress in the trunk she



said, "That Daley does." And little Sister is the original  
joke body. She keeps us laughing all the time with her  
funny little ways.

I hope we have a letter for you to-day. Mr. Palmer  
reflected us yesterday. We had just one letter so far, and it made  
us all feel mighty low. I do hope things are improving right along,  
and that you dear mother will be well soon. Don't she wonderful  
the resistance that she has! and she must have suffered  
terribly. Tell her we think about her and pray for her  
constantly. How nice it is for them both to have you with  
them. Don't worry about us. Oh, Rufie, we do want you  
home terribly, it hurts, and come just as soon as you  
can to make us happy again, but so long as you have to be  
away from us don't worry about us. Mother is a marvel  
and because she isn't stiff, and if she is she hides it  
very skillfully, because she beams all the time, and the  
youngsters are perfect learners. They mind mother wonderfully  
and Betty is so sweet and gentle. Sister has just come in off  
the "pouch" from a 2 hours sleep and I'd like to send you  
a picture of her cheeks. Now she is squealing at vanity  
while she runs the sewing machine. My "Puttin'"  
"sore" ah. sleep" in her bed, where I put her myself,  
often giving her a bath myself. She is so precious, and  
she receives all sorts of useful things. And Tom, bless  
him, is so thoughtful and sweet to all of us. He does every-  
thing he possibly can. Monday night Augustin Prentiss' phone  
from Boston that he was on his way to Portland, and would stop  
off on his way back to see us. They have all been so  
good to mother and me, that I was glad to have him  
come. Tom was so nice about it. He gave up a Directors'  
dinner at the Y and met Augustin and ate dinner with  
us, and took a. to the train at 9. I think he liked a. but  
I was much prouder to have Augustin meet Tom. We had  
a real good time and Nanny cooked the best dinner of beef  
loaf, washed potatoes, turnips, fruit salad, tea and apple pie.  
There was a great commotion about the pie. Nanny had  
brailed some meat for Betty first, and then clapped the pie  
in the oven without changing the temperature, so we had  
brailed pie for dinner, but it was good. It was sent too  
brown, and she left it in longer at a low temperature  
to cook the apples.

To night Tom is taking us to the Pentecost club ~~ministers~~. Mother got glady to stay with the children and everything will be humkey day.

Each just phoned and invited Tom and me to play bridge Sat. night. You know how I hate cards but I'll see it through. It was so nice of her to ask me.

Tom told you, isn't he, that we went skiing Sunday. It was a lot of fun, but oh, so cold. I met Mrs. Shell. She really is nice, but, - I know exactly how you feel about her, but it would be a disloyal to Pip to say so, wouldn't it? Don't you just wish she were a fish under your wing, that you could mold and stain?

Sabine wanted to know if your name is "m-a-a-a." If it is, Ann keeps calling you all the time. That's her pet expression.

Give my love and best wishes to your mother and Dad. We'll be awfully glad to when you get home, but we are so thankful that they could have you for a while.

Heaps of fondest love and love some buddies.

XX X X X X X X X - Teta



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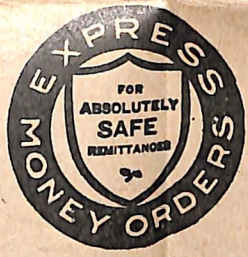
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For the Company:

*Harvey*

Agent.

Haverhill,  
Dec. 13, 1922.

Dear mama-





Her own words - "I see' dat  
dere (on the table) till ma'  
man ring bell - he take to  
my maens."

(X)

Betty.